



SAT SRI AKAL

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GURU NANAK  
**THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD**  
( 1469—1538 A.D. )

BY  
SARDAR SHER SINGH, M.Sc.  
*Kashmir.*

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GRATIS



## FOREWORD.

In the following few pages I have tried to give just an outline of the outstanding features of my Master. I begin with personal experience as that is the Rock on which all spirituality rests, and standing on which one may stand firm even as a lighthouse in a troublous sea. But for this ticket, I would not have the least thought to say anything on behalf of the Master for what I have not experienced is at best but hearsay evidence to which little value is attached in the open court of public opinion.

I have tried first to explain the truism that my Master is essentially Guru. What that significant word means and connotes is to me of such importance that I have taken this first i.e. before discussing His Personality.

The essential part of the paper is the portion dealing with the prophet's career as a patriot. This part of the Guru's life is so little known or understood that it was highly essential to remove the misunderstanding without further delay. But the Guru's Personality is cosmic, and hence His message is for the whole humanity at large. Hence, He is more than a poet, patriot or even a prophet—He is the World-Saviour.

I will discuss the history and the teachings of my Master in a separate brochure, but this paper is a good outline of Guru Nanak's contribution to the advancement of nations and Indian culture.

DODA, KASHMIR.

THE AUTHOR.

10-10-35.

## CONTENTS.

	Page.
I. MY MESSIAH GURU NANAK.	... 1
II. THE GURU & THE NAM.	... 7
III. GURU NANAK AS POET, PATRIOT & PROPHET.	15
(i) The historical perspective the Hindu Period.	17
(ii) The Muslim Period immediately preceding Nanak,	21
(iii) Guru Nanak as Mirror of the Medieval India,	25
(iv) The Babar-wani hymns of the then blood- red India.	29
(v) Guru Nanak as patriot.	... 36
(vi) Guru Nanak as poet.	... 39
(vii) Guru Nanak as prophet.	... 46
IV. CONCLUSION.	... 48



## MY MESSIAH GURU NANAK.

If I were asked as to why I love Nanak, my answer is simple and unambiguous: I do so because He loved me and owned me before any other saviour. It may be that His Face was hidden behind the curtain, yet I felt His Hand as tangibly and as really as I felt the first loving touch of my mother soon after I was born. Guru Nanak is thus a real living Personality, more real to me than my own flesh and blood. When I come within His loving embrace, I feel more snug and cosy than when I am surrounded by my best and costliest belongings. He is dearer to me than the breath of mine own nostrils. And now when I look back and review my insipid, colourless life of yore, I feel as if I was not awake, but asleep like Kumbhakaran of old, or like that Lazarus who was dead and buried and remained rotting in the grave until he was resuscitated by the Messiah. My Messiah is Guru Nanak and I will try to analyse in the following lines some of the reasons as to why He appealed to me more than any other saviour.

To begin with, my first acquaintance with my Master was through the ever-open and ever-inviting avenue of His humility. While other saviours call themselves as pet sons of the Father, or those commissioned with some special purpose, my Master did nothing of the kind. He gave himself no airs, He did not talk big, but said in unmistakable words and accents that He was *nich* meek or Lowly as innocent

and humble as the little lily which comes out of the earth, and even in the heyday of its glory remains oriented towards the earth. The geotropic curve which I find in the lily was unmistakably there when I saw the bent neck of my Master. This was my first acquaintance with Him, but the conviction gained ground as I read His writings, and I found in every refrain the selfsame re-iteration which marching with ever-mounting velocity soon acquired in my mind the force of conviction. When this conviction dawned on me, I felt very homely with my Master. I felt as if I could sit in the same square, and rub shoulders with Him. Imagine my impertinence—a sinner sitting side by side with and touching the hem of the Master's garment ! But this was possible and practicable as my Master arrogated no airs to Himself. He was so artlessly simple and humble that I felt no compunction when I sat with Him in one and the same boat. Conscious of that homely atmosphere I already felt myself one with Him, although this was my unwarranted presumption for which I regretted soon after, yet I felt at the time that if this be my Master who is so significantly simple, I would be one of His crew, and of none other. I, therefore, decided to sink or swim with Him. That was, therefore, my first introduction with the Master.

Although I attach the greatest importance to humility which is the passport to heaven, yet what appealed to me more, as time advanced, was another feature which stands in the same relation to humility

as the daughter to her mother, namely sweet-simplicity, which is the second reason why I was drawn up to Nanak. His words are sweet like the honey and simple like the spotlessly pure sunlight, and as you read them, you feel as if your whole soul wavers like a wind-swept leaf. I have read many a Bible, yet the Word of the Guru strikes me as exceptional for it is pure nectar, distilled and redistilled until it is the very quintessence. It is this crystalline purity inset in honey which is to me the truest picture of Nanak. His words give a curious satisfaction, as when a coin tested rings true gold. There is sweet aroma and fragrance in every word used, and as you sing or chant them, the hidden voice of Nanak rises reverberant in your soul's atmosphere like a fountain of rich distilled perfumes.

When I read the hymns of my Master, my sunken heart gains energy and begins to beat with vigour, the pent up emotions dart out, the dismal atmosphere changes at once into the hopeful morn, and my sunken eyes gleam once more bright as a blazing star. Indeed, His hymns open out to me a new heaven and a new earth, and so long as I remain rapt in them I do not feel myself resident of this earth, but care-free like the bird singing his morning song. Guru Nanak's Word is so sweet and mellifluous that even if the dead bones heard it, they will spring back into life even as they were so galvanised by the lute of the Orpheus. To the sinner's mind, therefore, the Guru's Word is not only a healing balm, but



veritably the manna from the heavens which transfigures what it touches and fills it to the brim. Every word that falls from the Masters lips is like an angel's kiss. Every word that He uses is as white and pure as the virgin rose which is worn on the wedding day. This transparent purity engulfed in nectar is then the second feature of my Master. You may be attracted first by His humility, but it is His saccharine Word which will sink in you and cement the relation firmer for all time.

I have called sweet-simplicity as daughter of humility, but both of them are descended from a common ancestor which is nothing less than NAM, the Musical Current of life which is the basis of all love, life and rhythm. This Music is the primal force from which all life springs and to which it reverts after periodical rhythms. All poetry that is true is an emanation of this Force and dances in tune with this Music. The divine poetry is, therefore, a spontaneous effusion of this primal current, an echo of the eternal symphony which rings true as much in the music of the stars as in the soul of man. No poetry can be said to be inspired which does not stir these hidden chords of human life. The greatest and the surest reason why the poetry of Nanak moves us to divine elevation lies in the hidden secret mentioned above, viz, the symphony of the Guru's Word is a direct echo of the Divine Symphony which is the basis of Life. The things that move the heart must come from high, otherwise we have only notes, 'bodies

without soul, mere words. When we chant the Guru's Word, the human spirit which is banished from the Divine Home, returns to the Fatherland, enriched and consummated. That is reason why the Sikh Bible is written wholly in poetry, and why the hymns when sung give us unearthly satisfaction.

This Divine Symphony reflected in the Guru's hymns and sung in accompaniment with instrumental music has always exercised the same influence on me as a tremendous magnet has on a small magnetic needle. This music keeps thousands of Sikh souls gathered in a congregation spell bound, and I have seen little babies as much enchanted by the sweet melody as the bearded elders nearing the grave. **Shabad Kirtan** is, therefore, the very essence of the Sikh religion. I have always considered this as the most important part of the Sikh Religion not only because it soothes the mind, but because it is the truest food of the soul. Soul that is cut off from this supply soon languishes, withers and dies. The instruction that is sung out to me rather than read out or lectured is a thousand times more instructive, as it sinks in my sub-conscious mind, spreads, flowers out and fructifies, and stands me in good stead when it is most needed i.e., in my unguarded moments for the sub-conscious mind is then as active as at any other time. On the other hand, instruction unaccompanied with music is very often as futile as seed buried in a desert soil. Music is verily the moisture

of the seed-soil but for which it must ever remain sterile even as the mummy-wheat.

But it is no ordinary music which is glorified in the Sikh religion. The music which stirs the divine chords must be itself heavenly, and as I have stated above, it must be nothing less than the Divine Music which is at the heart of Nature, and which is the supreme cause of creation, and of which inspired poetry alone is the truest echo. The magic of Guru Nanak's magnetism and of His Word, therefore, lies in this deep-centred Divine mystery which is the heritage of advanced souls. This is such a cherished and inalienable possession of the Sikh Religion that only those who know can realise its supreme significance. Without this Divine Music, the Sikh Religion would be body without soul, a carcass, or at best a caricature of religion. Most of the synthetic religions which we find in vogue today suffer from this defect ; they have body but no soul, the eerie soul which defies analysis and synthesis being the Divine Music mentioned above. I attach the very highest significance to this side of the Sikh Religion for herein lies the key to the mystery of the Kingdom of Heaven.

If humility is the physiognomy of the Sikh Religion, and sweet-simplicity its nature, this Divine fecundity and symphony is its very heart and soul. These are then the three silken chords which knitted me first with Nanak.

## THE GURU AND THE NAM.

Guru Nanak is not only my Messiah, He is my Guru or the Master. Therein, I think, lies the most outstanding feature of this seer. He does not promise to me vicarious suffering or redemption, He takes me up as a child in His arms, and after fondling me and patting me for some time, imparts to me real and serious instruction. In other words, Guru Nanak expects every one of His Sikhs to be really a **disciple** and to learn to stand on his own legs. Thus by graduated course of training the disciple is brought up to a level where he can see eye to eye with his Master, not by hearsay alone but as a result of personal experience.

Search the Sikh Bible from one end to the other, and you will hardly find the Gurus addressed as **Avatars**. There are certain cross references, by one Guru to the other, but rarely is the Guru-Father addressed as an **avtar**: He is called the **Gur-dev**, the Enlightening-Light, for that is the truest description of a Master. The avtar theory has been in the Indian field for milleniums. It has its uses and its advocates. But I for one cannot see the force of the argument that God Himself should descend from the stars and be enwombed, to fight out evil and anarchy. This argument if it were true would rule out the immanence of the Supreme Being, and would consign the earth to the hegemony of the Evil Spirit, which is surely not an Indian concep

tion. Not only is this conception contrary to cherished assumptions of the Indian philosophy and tradition, but it is so revolting that this world would not be worth living, if it were entirely given over to the Devil to be interfered occasionally by an avtar. Such visits of the Supreme One would hardly be able to set right the equilibrium, and as soon as the avtar made his exit, the devil would rule supreme again. These visits of avtars, few and far between, as they proverbially are, could not stem the tide of devilry, and if avtar theory were literally true, the world would be a pandemonium for all time. A few avtars or even a few dozens may come in to relieve the abysmal darkness, but what can few stars do to efface that brooding darkness which would then be our lot during the moonless midnight? One swallow does not make summer nor could a few avtars turn this hell of God-forsaken earth into a livable abode, not to speak of it as an heaven. Indeed, there are tremendous difficulties in the way if avtar theory were it ever seriously considered. To me all glory and grandeur lies in the opposite direction, viz. that man should rise up from the dust and progress heaven-wards by however slow stages, rather than that God Himself should come from the heavens and take us up on His wings. The former process would turn men into angels, if not gods, and the latter would ever keep us tongue-tied, maimed, and in the leading strings of the higher spirits. I would rather stand on my own legs, toddle over and

fall headlong than be poised all the time on the pinions of an outside power. No, my Guru tells me that I am not destined to be ever a spiritual cripple. It is up to me to use my own legs, to expand, grow in stature and touch the very heavens. The avtar theory that muzzles me, for all time, does not therefore appeal to me. This is not to say that I do not believe in the guidance of leaders and seers. I believe in them and try to follow in their footsteps, but my respect and regard for these seers increases immensely when I consider them not as God-descended, but what they intrinsically are : transfigured men..... men who battled hard with the stern realities of the world and won ! That is one reason why in the Sikh Bible, the Gita-phrase regarding the advent of an avtar is reversed thus :—

*Har jug jug bhagat upaia*"

"In every age a **bhagat** par excellence is born"

The emphasis is on the word **bhagat** and not on avtar which is as much as to say that a God-Man is born rather than Man-God ! This is the very key, to the whole of the Sikh philosophy, and startling though it may seem, yet as far as I understand the Sikh Religion, this is so true that any distorting of the text to wrench out opposite meanings would be little short of mockery, if not blasphemy. In short, I must repeat with all the emphasis that I can command that my Master is primarily a Guru, a Teacher, a Man.....He is no avtar !

To accept this is also to accept the democratic constitution of the Sikh society. A Sikh is first and foremost a disciple. He sits in the same relation to his Spiritual Master as a college student sits in the presence of his professor. Every college student is potentially a professor—so also every Sikh may after the fulness of time become one with his Master and step into His shoes. This, I say, not in way to support any form of popery, but in order to bring out the underlying dignity of mankind. The essence of democracy lies in this: that after due qualification every citizen may step into and sit in the dictatorial chair, provided always that he is fitted to the supreme task. This is also the sum and substance of the Sikh philosophy that our Guru is primarily our Teacher. Nothing will please Him more than to see His own pupils become, like Him, blazing torches of Light, as refulgent as the torch held by the Master Himself. While the avtar theory would tie us ever to the rattle and the feeding bottle, the Sikh conception opens out to us immense possibilities, undreamt of before.

Conceding this philosophy My Master teaches me that the temptation which Lord Jesus suffered in the wilderness is a universal phenomenon—i.e., we have each to pass through the self-same process in all walks of life. The very first hymn in the first Rāg deals with these temptations and I cannot do better than give here a literal translation of the words of the Master, taking each temptation separately :—

(i)

The first temptation is directed to our senses, and therefore, stands first in the order of priority :—

*“Though a mansion of pearls were raised instead of mud,  
Though it were all with jewels bestud,  
Though it were with musk, aloë, sandal-wood plastered,  
Seeing which the mouth of the beholder watered,  
Beware lest seeing these thou mightest become blind,  
And His edifying Name, no longer abide in thine mind !”*

This temptation comes to us all even as it came to the Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and our Lord Master warns us to beware lest the senses overpowered the Spirit and beclouded the mirror of God i.e. the **Nam**. When the Christ was tempted by the Devil, he said, “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?” The Guru tells us likewise to keep the Mirror of God, the Name, ever before our eyes for the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof are ‘consumed even as cinder’ and but for His Name there is naught that will continue for aye.

The concluding part of the above temptation is heightened by reference to the **houris** or bewitching damsels (**mohinis**)

*Though the earth were with diamonds and rubies  
embellished;  
Though our bedsteads were with pearls and rubies  
furnished,  
Though many an enchanting damsel with jewels  
on her face,*



*Lent this bedazzling scene still further grace,  
 Beware lest seeing this thou mightest become blind,  
 And His edifying Name, no longer abide in thine  
 mind !"*

This temptation is stronger than even that which the Devil offered to the Christ, for in those temptations there is no reference to the wily Eve who is often the helpmate of the Devil. Whatever the gravity of the situation, let us ever keep the Mirror of God in our hand, for That will always keep us on the right track.

## (ii)

The second temptation described below does not occur in the Bible, but is particularly apt to the Indian conditions for many a **yogi**, and **siddha**, have hankered after miraculous powers, and the infatuation of these powers has always stood in their way, side-tracking their quest. Particular reference is, therefore, drawn to this temptation :—

*"Though I become a magician endowed with many  
 a miraculous power,  
 Though I could tempt the goddess of Wealth out  
 of her bower  
 Though I could at my will become visible or invisible,  
 Seeing which the beholders chanted all-hail,  
 Beware lest wielding these powers thou mightest  
 become blind,  
 And His edifying Name no longer abide in thine  
 mind !"*

This power to work miracles certainly exercises a stronger appeal to our imagination than the temptation directed to our senses, but the Guru asks us to beware of these powers just as much as of those attractions which captivate the flesh.

(iii)

The third and the last appeal is still more potent as it takes us out of our individual spheres and puts us head and shoulders above others where we can lord it over others. This is the temptation to which kings, emperors and dictators are liable in the East as also in the West. The Guru cautions us as follows :—

*“Though I were suddenly to become a ruling sovereign,  
Though assembling armies I could ascend a throne,  
Though I were buttressed by power, just and unjust,  
Yet all is naught even as in the balance the dust,  
Beware lest wielding these powers thou mightest  
become blind,  
And His edifying Name no longer abide in thine  
mind.”*

There are then the three lusts : the lust of the eye, the lust of power and possession, the lust of pride which waylay us as we advance in life. But if we held the Mirror of the Supreme one ever before our face the temptations will lose their venom. We could then progress unharmed and unsinged in the fiery ordeal.

What is this weird Mirror of the Supreme One ? The Nam is the Mirror of God for it concentrates the divine rays in us thereby galvanising us into new life, and steeling us up for all emergencies. The Nam

is that current of consecration which like a golden thread runs through the warp and woof of life. It is the bread of Life which sustained the Christ in the wilderness. The potency of this Hidden Word is described thus by our Guru :—

*"The key to divine union is this Word concealed,  
Yea, this is the common essence of all books revealed,  
This is the fountain head of heavenly light,  
Which is potent enough to transfigure thee into being  
bright."*

This is the universal panacea for all ills of mankind. The Guru steels his disciple with this armour which has the wonderful potency of turning a **knecht** (servant) into a veritable knight. The life's highway is littered by many a temptation and pitfall which are as numerous as the sand grains along the sea-shore, but if the Guru's Sikh is armed with this invulnerable armour, he may rush headlong into the very thick of battle, and return unharmed. But for the Name, the earth where we live in is not earth but a dark dungeon, it is surrounded and bedarkened by circles of hills fashioned out of bituminous superstition and coal of abysmal ignorance; the tramp of humanity is ceaseless but confused and chaotic, its cramped energies and thwarted efforts lead to perpetual struggles, volcanic upheavings and confused rumblings presaging better epochs, but all this is in vain until the sun of **Nam** dawns on us turning dark clouds into petals of gold, and men into winged angels. Of that hidden—Sun our Master

Guru Nanak is the surest guide, apostle, and discoverer !

### **GURU NANAK AS POET, PATRIOT AND PROPHET.**

If Guru Nanak is primarily a world Teacher and Messiah, He is also a poet, patriot and prophet all in one. He came with a special mission, and has left His lasting impress on humanity. Although His prophetic qualities are generally realised, yet His patriotic fervour is sometimes eclipsed by his prophetic glory. A patriot is essentially a product of the times, but while he is its product, he is also its moulder and maker. A patriot, therefore, may be likened to Janus who has two faces, looking simultaneously to the past and the future.

In the following sketch, I will review briefly first the Hindu period, and then the Mohammedan period immediately proceeding Nanak, and then try to show how Guru Nanak paved the way for new synthesis and nation-building. His patriotism is so well-defined and genuine that I sometimes think that patriotism is the more fundamental note in Him than even poetry. But whether the poet is prior in him or the patriot is immaterial as a true prophet is one who knits these and many other notes in one which becoming indistinguishable regarding their origin, are one in their unified symphony. Hence, the most towering feature about Guru Nanak is His prophetic nature. Yet it will help us immensely if we understood Him first as a patriot, for it is this lesson which

India needs most when she is setting her house in order and trying to build the same afresh. The synthesis wrought by Guru Nanak is true for all time, and hence reference to some of the details may be helpful in evolving out our present day constitution. We must begin at the very beginning in order to appreciate the general outlines of the Indian history, for without this perspective it will be impossible to realise the specific contribution of the Sikh Gurus.

I will first take up the broad outlines of the Hindu period in which idealism looms large. While this is the source of India's spiritual glory which remains undimmed till today, yet it was also the perennial source of her political and economic troubles and distress. It was this indifference to the work-a-day world which brought the Muslim invaders from the north, who coming like locust-storms sucked the vitality of the Indian soil. The Mohammedan invaders have mentioned themselves in their narratives that they were not very fond of India, but it was its wealth and its open doors which tempted them. Guru Nanak was born at a very critical time. He had seen the slaughter of Sayyadpur (Eminabad) with his own eyes. He had seen how even the destinies of Mohammadan rulers had ebbed and decayed, and how the Pathan rule was overthrown by the Mughals. The Guru had met Babar and had suffered from his persecution. Hence, his evidence and diagnosis of the times cannot but be

most valuable to an impartial historian. We will discuss these outstanding items separately in the Hindu and the Mughal period and then try to understand the message of the Guru as a patriot who lived, worked and suffered as one of the India's truest sons.

### **The Historical Perspective—The Hindu Period**

Guru Nanak the founder of the Sikh Religion is at once a supreme poet, patriot, and prophet. He sings of the past and of the present, but it is to the future that His all seeing eyes are chiefly directed. He is true mirror of medieval India, of its merits and demerits, of its woes and agonies, of its sunshine and its whirlwinds. No account of Nanak can be true which does not take into account the historical perspective in which His all-engrossing picture is set. Hence, we must go back to the very beginning and see first the why and wherefore of the advent of Nanak before appraising His message to India in particular, and to the world at large.

The history of India is primarily a history of invasions, conflicts and of subsequent assimilations. Indeed, India may well be called a big melting-pot of civilisations, in which ideas and cultures melt like crude ores, producing uncanny amalgams and syntheses such as are known only in the East. We know very little of the Indian history before Buddha and his times, but when the curtain lifts, we find Indian nation already fully panoplied emerging on the stage much as Minerva came out of the imagination of

Jupiter. We find that the Indian society is divided into four main castes, of whom the Brahmans are supreme as they were considered twice-born, and it was their special privilege to chant the hymns of the Vedas and to perform other sacrificial works which the warrior-conquerors performed either to celebrate their victories or to propitiate the gods of whom quite a number are mentioned in the Rigveda, the oldest book of the Aryas. From the point of view of history and religion, the Vedas and the Upanishads are certainly the most marvellous books in that they reveal that many milleniums before Christ, India reached a stage of culture which is still a wonder for the West. These sacred books will always be considered the bed-rock of Indian civilization for they reveal a mighty grip of the mysteries of life, and of the high-levels of philosophy and of mysticism such as are peculiar to the introspective India. The baked clay tablets of Mesopotamia, and the mummy wrappings and papyri of Egypt are like little toys compared with these ancient monuments of Indian Civilization.

Although the Vedas and the Upanishads are considered one historically, yet their careful study will soon reveal that they embody different schools of thought and worship. The stage of Vedic culture is verily a cockpit in which different gods are fighting for victory and supremacy, and it cannot be said with certainty as to who had attained the hegemony. **Ved-Vyas** (as the compiler is well described) therefore, contented himself with bringing the hymns

under one big compass rather than pointing out the fundamental unity of Vedic Religion. Under that seeming unity of Vedic Religion, there is thus seething ferment of dis-harmony and discord which, as we will soon find, developed into different schools of Puranic thought, such as still prevail in parts of India, and which stir up dissensions with the least provocation. Apart from the conflicting schools of philosophy which sets the Indian philosophers at sixes and sevens so often, we find in the Upanishads themselves class struggle i.e. between the Brahmans and the Kashatriyas. The Kashatriyas had begun to assert that **Brahm-vidya** i.e. knowledge of God is by no means an exclusive monopoly of the Brahmans; the **Brihad Upanishad** for instance, asserts that it is monopoly of the Kashatriyas or Warrior-kings such as Janak and others of hallowed memory. This was a very important schism in Indian thought, for it demonstrates that already before Buddha and the Christ, democracy had asserted itself in India, in that the 'twice-born' was considered to be one, who was literally regenerated in Spirit, no matter what his caste. This was verily turning the tables on the Brahmans who considered religion to be a caste monopoly.

The Upanishads are important in yet another way. The Hindus are accused, rightly or wrongly, of having written no history worth the name. The Mohammedans are considered to be comparatively better historians. But there is a reason for this, as



indeed for any other national trait. And the main reason, why the Hindus did not write minute details of the earthly career of any king or leader was that they considered this to be a futile waste of time, the time so gained being devoted to things of much greater moment, that is in learning heavenly mysteries about life and death. If you read some of the bigger Upanishads as the **Chhandogya** and the **Brihad**, etc. you will find long lists of genealogies, sometimes running into fifty or more, which will give you correct names and descriptions not of the kings, but of those mystic seers who probed into these mysteries, and handed them over to their disciples at the time of their death. These carefully compiled lists show that the Hindu seers could compile history if they wished to do so, but they had purposely avoided to do so. For the same reason, we find that practically all the details of the lives of Bhagatas such as Kabir and Nanak are carefully and jealously guarded and kept, but of their contemporary kings who lived with so much flourish and trumpet, very little is known.

Whatever be the reason why so little is known of the past and the material history of India, the fact remains that of its spiritual history, no link is missing. So careful is India in preserving the spiritual fossils, that India may well be called the Museum of Religions. For instance, what could be more surprising than the fact that India which is the home of **Brahm-vidya** (divine knowledge) also treasures

and cherishes the memory of **Charvakis** who were atheists, and avowed enemies of religion. But this spirit of toleration is an expression of the selfsame dictum which is stated in different words before that India is a grave-yard of religions, each having its day, ebbing, flowing, and then passing away, leaving but a ripple-mark on the alluvial flats of the Indian mind. This is particularly true of Buddhism which owed its birth to India, and yet is known today only by its absence, or by historical researches which bring into further relief its decline and death within the fourwalls of India. Although Buddha and Asoka are now forgotten figures of the past, yet the philosophy of non-violence, of "**Ahimsa**" still lives. The Buddha and his Philosophy paved the way for the invasion of Alexander, and when Asoka died, India was submerged in complete darkness and confusion, for no less than 500 years. In this period kites from the Afghan highlands pounced on Indian sparrows, for that was the condition to which India was reduced by the Buddha's philosophy. This is, briefly, the Hindu India, in all its glory as also in its weakness, which made it a prey to Muslim invasion.

### **Historical Perspective—The Muslim Period.**

When India had lost that virility which the Aryan conquerors infused in to it, then came another stream of invaders who were destined to leave a lasting impress on the civilization of India, namely the Mohammedans. Already in 712, they had knocked

at the gateway of India in Sind, and before the tenth century they were steadily pouring into the Punjab. In A. D. 1001 Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni turned his attention to India. and from 1009 onwards, he invaded India no less than seventeen times, penetrating to as far down as Somnath on the Indian coast, where he destroyed one of the most important images. Mahmud manifestly came to loot and massacre, doing both with terrible efficiency, and when he died his only regret was that he could not carry his booty to the other side of the grave, for he could utilise but little of it in his life time, and that at the expense of incurring the odium of Firdausi. Mahmud's onslaughts and slaughters passed into a byword so that **Omar Khayyam** cannot find a more apposite word for dispelling dark doubts of soul than this inveterate warrior, who gloated in blood and plunder :

*"The mighty Mahmud, the victorious Lord  
That all the misbelieving black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword."*

Moslem historians are enthusiastic about this "Image-breaker" but the tongue stutters to give expression to the inhumanities perpetrated on defenceless India by these trans-border invaders who "like a pack of hungry sharpclawed wolves, fell upon the flock of fox-like infidels, and dyed their swords and weapons in the blood of these wretches till streams of blood ran down the valley." Mahmud and his

successors continued to revel in carnage. It were the Mughals who decided to make India their home, and to live in it as the Indians do.

Babar, the first Moghul Emperor of India, has left us his autobiography which gives us an insight into his mind. Contrary to all expectations, he calls India "the Land of Regrets", and he expounds his point of view at length thus: "Hindustan is a country that has few pleasures to recommend it. The people are not handsome. They have no idea of the charms of friendly society. They have no genius, no intellectual comprehension, no kindness or fellow-feeling, no ingenuity or mechanical invention in planning or executing their handicrafts, no skill or knowledge in design or architecture. They have no good horses, no good flesh, no grapes or musk-melons, no good fruits, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread in their bazars, no baths or colleges, or candles or torches never a candlestick". If despite all these handicaps, Babar loved to remain in India, it was only because like the Mahmud of old the love of lucre was far too tantalizing for him to let him return to the sun-scorched plains of Samarkand. It is the riches of India that has always attracted the robber-chiefs and will ever continue to do so, for although the famous Peacock Throne is no longer in India, yet the raw material from which it was made is still here, and unless the teeming millions of India learn to defend themselves, no power in heaven or in earth can ever save them. The idol of Somnath

was invoked fruitlessly again and again in the time of Mahmud, but it remained tongue-tied, and other idols today are no better.

But before we return to Nanak, let us learn from Babar himself way he was able to succeed in India. Babar tells us in his autobiography that in A. D. 1519 when he attacked the frontier fort of Bajaur, he captured it chiefly because its defenders were new to fire-arms. "The people of Bajaur" says he "had never seen matchlocks, and at first were not in the least afraid of them but, hearing the reports of the shots, stood opposite the guns, mocking and playing unseemly antics. But when Ustad Ali Kuli brought five men with matchlocks the defenders of the fort became so frightened that not a man ventured to show his head for fear of matchlocks." It is clear, therefore, that victory lay with those who knew how to handle fire arms. In other words, in the struggle for existence, the brain triumphs instead of numbers.

There is a prevailing misunderstanding that there is something intrinsic and good in the Muslim faith which helped it to retain hold of India. This is not true. The Pathans who were ousted by the Mughals were themselves Mohammedans and the reason why this change became imperative was that soon after their conquest they had degenerated. Thus Ala-ud-Din Khilji waged wars not to break idols, but only to possess Rajput damsels in which direction he was sadly disappointed. Similarly, Kai Kubad was so much changed that he loved to dance

like a dancing girl. Even the Mughals deteriorated rapidly in their morals and although Babar was ready to sacrifice himself for the sake of his son Hamayun, yet Aurangzeb who was shortly to come on the stage, had no compunction in imprisoning his father and killing his brothers, and the last Moghul was so much addicted to wine and debauchery that the East India Company found no difficulty in displacing him. It will thus be clear that the Islam that was thus imported into India was not of the milk-white brand which Mohammad inaugurated in Arab. When Guru Nanak came to the stage, India had sunk deep-down into the abyss of degradation, into which both the conquerors and the conquered had fallen alike. It was the Punjab which suffered the most in these repeated onslaughts as it lay like a door-mat at the feet of the invading hordes, and it was now the turn of Punjab to rise to the occasion, to respond to the call of mother India.

### **3. Guru Nanak as Mirror of the Medieval India.**

Guru Nanak was a true son of India in the truest sense of that the term. He was a labourer, a farmer, a shopkeeper, a servant of Government, a preacher, a patriot, poet, and prophet, all in one. He laboured in the field and sweated with his mates, lest his brethren may think that he was not of this earth, but one un-earthly; he did this to show that his problems were the same as those of an ordinary

mortal, but the difference, if any, lay in application and perseverance. He served the Government to show that he could be an honest and faithful member of administration, i.e., so long as it did not interfere with his morals and mission. He could handle the weighing scale with as much impartiality as he could handle the destinies of Hindus and Moham-medans who were destined to seek his protection. Great men love to have small beginnings, even as the handsome lilies love the dirtiest soil, The humbler the beginning, the more virile the humanity that springs therein. A Jesus is born as a carpenter, a Kabir as a weaver, a Ravdass as a cobbler, and Nanak also loved to be the village Accountant's son for is not a **Patwari** the smallest and yet the most important village functionary. He knew how the **Patwaries** often suck blood out of the Zamindars like so many leeches, and he knew how the Zamindars groaned under the ever-increasing burden of taxation of an alien Government. Guru Nanak knew all this first hand, and when at the tender age of seven he began to sing poetry, he sang first of the hundred and one little ailments to which the society was prone : the of sacred thread and its lost significance of cooking squares and their touch-me-not evil, of **sudaq** (impurity so called) which clings to men at the time of birth and death, of caste which strangled the vitals of the society, of **tiraths** (places of pilgrimage) which had become then as now dens of evil, of **sraddhs** i.e. offerings to the dead which had

taken the place of charity to the living, of perverted dress, perverted talk, perverted programmes of life which had become too wooden, too leaden, too iron for the Spirit to manifest itself.

Guru Nanak was Spirit-Born and came to shed New Life on earth. He found society dead, sunken and fossilized. It was for him to take it by hand, lead it up step by step, enfranchise it, endow it with freedom, with enlightenment and with glory. A great task, an Herculean labour, yet it had to be done. Inch by inch he struggled against it, by his word, deed, and action, by his life and death, by his ceaseless travels and by his Word, and by preparing and choosing proper successors. And lo! in less than two centuries, the Punjab is galvanized, is vivified, is rejuvenated into new life which Guru Nanak alone could bring to pass. Guru Nanak waved the magic wand, and the miracle of new life was wrought. Nanak is a faithful mirror, not only of the social and religious India, but what is of greater importance of the then Political India.

While other devotees were content with singing hymns of praise to the Supreme One, Nanak went further and diagnosed the ailment of India, the Sickman of the East. The hymns that he sung embraced all aspects of Life, and not the least important are those **Vars** in which conflict is pictured between evil and good, between the ills to which India had sunk and virtue which is its cure. One of the most important of such **vars** is **Asa-di-Var** which we



chant every morning, before daydawn, and which is a bird's eye view, as it were, of the sunken condition of the then India. It tells us how to grapple with the evil of untouchability, to discard customs un-understood, of forms that have lost their true significance. About the sacred thread, he tells us : "No more the cotton-thread, but the cotton of compassion, the thread of contentment, the knot of continence, and the twist of truth," Nanak broke through the crust of superficiality of customs and of forms and let the people have direct peep into the Reality within. "Religion" says He "lieth not in words, in wandering to tombs or places of cremation, or sitting in different postures of contemplation, in wandering to places of pilgrimage or observing ceremonies ; it is Life which looks on all men as equals, which treats them as such, which sees Him the Maker here, there and everywhere." Equality between the high and the low, between man and man, between man and woman, between the ruler and the ruled—this is the great message of Guru Nanak which he instilled into the hearts of his fellow men ; this message was echoed and re-echoed by his successors until it was assimilated, and today the Sikhs are one whatever their colour the caste. Guru Nanak sowed the seed of spiritual democracy we reap seed today. The process of germination and growth is still in progress and will continue so to flourish for His message is for the world at large.

As a true mirror of medieval India, we find in

him the following hymns which are surcharged with rare pathos and describe what has been well described as "**Babarwani**" i. e. Babar's carrying of Fire and Sword in the conquered India.

#### 4. Babarwani or blood-red India in the time of Babar.

The hymns that describe the lurid condition of India at the time of invasion of Babar are some of choicest gems of poetry that are found in the Guru Granth Sahib and their historical value is unquestioned. They may be considered as leaves from Mother India's autobiography written by herself or dictated to her truest sons which they did in their very life-blood (**Khnn ke sohile gawee Nanak**).

(i) *The Master relates the following heart-bleeding tale to Brother Lalo about India and its destiny under the Mughals.*

"As the word of the Master cometh to me, so I reveal it unto thee, O Lalo\* !

With his fiendish forces, Babar presses on from Kabul and demands forced gifts from people, O Lalo !

Decency\* and righteousness have taken wings and vanished, flashood stalks abroad, O Lalo !

The qazis and the Brahman's have now been supplanted by the Devil who reads the marriage services, O Lalo !

Even the Muslim conquered ladies are suffering,

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\*Lalo was first disciple of Guru Nanak and lived in Eminabad.

and they read the Holy Books to call upon the Supreme One, O Lalo !

The high-caste Hindu ladies, as also the low ones, also groan under the yoke of tyranny, O Lalo !

Dirges of murder gush out from the sore hearts Nanak, and blood is being shed in place of saffron O Lalo !

In this city of corpses, Eminahad; I sing elegies of woe and sound notes of warning, O Lalo ;

He that made the universe seeth it all, although He doeth it sitting apart ;

He is just His decisions are just and exemplary ;

Bodies will be cut like shreds of cloth, and Mother India will remember my prophecy : viz.

Having come in '78 (1578 Sambat A. D. 1521), they will clear out first in '97 (1597 Sambat A. D. 1540 i.e. Hamayun was then ousted by Sher Shah)..... there after shall be born my disciple another brave Man (Guru Govind Singh !);

Nanak tells the truth, utters it publicly for the occasion demands it." (**Tilang Rag**)

In this the Guru tells how Babar carried fire and sword into the Eminabad village which he entered and massacred. No distinction was made between the Hindus and Mohammedan girls, although the latter were of his own faith. This indiscriminate slaughter made the heart of Nanak bleed, and he foretold how Hamayun will be first vanquished by Sher Shah, which will be a temporary eclipse of the Mughal rule in India, the permanent eclipse being

brought about by another Son of Man, namely Guru Gohind Singh who will be spiritual descendant of the Guru himself (**Marad-ka-chela**). So much about Babar's sweeping invasion and now about its deadening effect :—

(ii) *The Master is pinched and calls the Supreme One Himself to account !*

The Ruler helps Khurasan and hastens to spread another, to India terror in India,

The Creator takes no blame on Himself ; Death disguised as Moghal came and swept over the plains of India ;

There was much beating, wringing of hands, gnashing of teeth ; **O Lord did that not pinch Thee ?**

**O Lord ! Thou art common to all !**

If a powerful party beateth another powerful party, then there is certainly no occasion for grief of complaint ; But if a ravening lion falleth upon defenceless herd, then the Master of the Herd must needs show his mettle !" (**Rag Asa**)

This is no idle jeremiad, but it shows what way the wind blew in the mind of Nanak. He saw the depth to which India had sunk, and he would invoke no one else but the Supreme One Himself to set right the Supreme Equilibrium !

(iii) *The Master now relates in detail the tale of Indian misery and the reasons thereof.*

"The tresses that adorned the heads of Indian ladies, tresses' vermillion-parted, are now shorn with

shears, and dust darkeneth the necks whose seductive looks enthralled lovers ;

Ladies who lounged on sofas in palaces know not where to sit ;

Inscrutable are Thine Ways, O Lord, no one knoweth Thy strange forms and changes ;

On the day when these maidens were married, they looked very lovely in the train of their bridegrooms,

They were brought home in palanquins, carved with ivory ;

Scents were sprinkled on them, and ineffable light emanated from their silvery garments ;

A hundred thousand rupees were presented to them as the first present on their entry into the new home, and an equally big sum when they stood to take the new duty that devolved on them ;

Cocoanuts and raisins were among the fruits that were served on their table, and they lent charm to the beds they reclined on ;

Now they are prisoners with cords round their necks which unstring the pearl necklaces ;

Wealth and beauty which kept them infatuated, have now become their enemies ;

The myrmidons of the Mughals disgrace them, and carry them in plunder ; such are Thy ways O Lord Who exalteth and punisheth as He listeth !

Why all this trouble and tribulation if only one were prepared for the future ?

*But the Princes of India lost their heads in the pursuit of love and excitement,*

Devastation and desolation follow in the wake  
of Babar And babies have no mothers to feed them ;

Neither Mussalmans are allowed to pray nor  
Hindus allowed to worship,

Nor are the Hindu ladies allowed to draw cooking  
squares, paint their head with vermillion, or take  
a bath

Men who had neglected **Ram** are not allowed the  
choice of even professing faith in **Khuda** ;

Those who had fled from the field return to their  
lodgings and enquire about the dear ones they had  
left behind ;

They find them not, and congregate only to lament  
and cry O Nanak, what is man? He alone is all,  
and His will is Supreme ! (**Rag Asa**)”

This hymn shows how both the rulers and the  
ruled were sunk into luxury ; they had untold wealth  
which was a curtain between them and the Supreme  
One . This is why miseries followed. .

(iv) *The Master recites finally the tale of Indian  
misery and its real cause : Indian impotence  
and faith in magic !*

“Where”are the prancing steeds in the stables and  
in the tournaments, and where the sounds of horns  
and bugle ?

Where are the costly belts and red liveries ?

Where are the looking glasses and enchanting  
faces ?

O Lord, this is Thy handwork, Thou myest do and  
undo anything in the twinkling of an eye ; all

hoarded wealth may be distributed among all brethren should'st Thou so will ;

Where are the gates, mansions and palaces and where the stately inns ?

Where are the beds of roses and charming damsels seeing which one could not sleep ?

Where are the betel leaves and the sellers thereof, and damsels with lips parted like rubies ? They have all vanished.

*It is this wealth which kept them deeply infatuated, and which has brought about their ruin.*

Without sins it accumulatheth not and at the time of death it parts our company ;

When the Lord takes away virtues, misery follows of itself ;

Countless Pirs endeavoured to stop Mir Babar's (by incantation) when they heard of his triumphant march ;

Private mansions and public buildings were set ablaze, and children cried when they were flayed alive ;

*Yet no Mughal became blind by the incantations of the Pirs, and the magic of Indians prevailed not ;*

*In the contest between the Mughals and the Pathans, there was fierce hand to hand fight with swords ; the Mughals also used matchlock guns, and the latter brought unwieldy elephants ;*

*But the Indians had forfeited the Lord's sympathy owing to their impotence, and they had to expiate their sins by dying as they did ;*

The Hindu, Turk, Bhatti, and Thakur wives veiled from head to foot, are either carried off or find rest in the burial ground ;

How can they pass their nights in peace who are lovelorn ?

The Lord doth all this according to law : why bewail in vain ? sorrow and joy come according as we obey the Law or we do not : why to disobey and yet cry ?

The Lord is pleased when His Law is obeyed, or else one reapeth what one soweth, (*Rag Asa*)".

This the last hymn is clear as daylight that even the Mohammedan Pirs had lost all vitality and having lost all confidence in themselves, resorted to the outworn device of magic. This shows the bathos to which the pre-Mughal rulers, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, had sunk, and the obvious result was that when Babar came to India, he found little or no resistance, so that his Emperorship was ensured, with the single exception of Rana Sangha of Mewar, who was a hard nut even for Babar to crack. Of Rana Sangha, it is said that "He exhibited at his death but the fragment of a warrior; one eye was lost in the broil with his brother an arm in action with the Lodi king of Delhi, and he was a cripple owing to a limb being broken with a cannon-ball, in another, while he counted eighty wounds from the sword or the lance on various parts of his body" (Tod). When Babar was pitched against this warrior, a more desperate peril than had fallen to his lot before, he



forswore his favourite vice of drunkenness, breaking his drinking-cups and pouring his liquor away. He kept his vow and won!

### 5. GURU NANAK AS PATRIOT.

These **Babarwani** hymns, given above, are very important. They show, on the one hand, that the heart of Nanak was bleeding for his Mother-India which he saw lying prostrate at the feet of invaders, and on the other, they show grim determination of the Guru for curing Mother-country of all its ailments. I have read carefully many an patriotic song, but I have not come across a more impassioned utterance than that which comes out of the heart of Nanak when describing the condition of his country and its mal-treatment. What can be more patriotic than Guru Nanak calling even the Snpreme One Himself to the bar and answering the charge of taking sides? Says he? "Thou befriendest indeed Khurasan, why not India?" **Khurasan khasmana kia, Hindustan draia**). This is more than a jeremiad, more than a lament; it is the clarion call of the patriot whose heart writhes in anguish on seeing the sunken condition of his country. Guru Nanak is hence first and foremost a patriot, and the whole Sikh history is but Guru Nanak's dream actualised! In the face of this to say that it was Nanak who blessed the the Mughals, including Babar, is a sheer travesty of facts, and the very height of absurdity. Guru Nanak would have been the last man to force foreign domination on India, and his prophetic utterances

are a clear proof against this superstition, if indeed any such proof is at all considered necessary. Yet, it is an irony of fate that the Guru who sings the death-dirge of Mughal rule in his Babrwani hymns is today considered to be the blessing of Mughal of rule in India ! Mis-reading of history could not be pushed to a more preposterous limit than this !

Secondly, these hymns of Guru Nanak show that this seer who was born in medieval India was certainly not like the seers of the Vedic times who considered this world an illusion, and life an empty mirage. Nor was he like other devotees who lived contemporaneously and were found in other parts of India. Guru Nanak was first and foremost a realist, and this work-a-day world was to him as important as the ideal world of which this is an image. It is, therefore, that unlike other saints, contemporary or ancient, the Guru indulges at great length on the political condition of India. This was necessary, if Guru Nanak came not merely to condemn the existing order but to cure it of its malady. Hence, it was that when the question of his succession arose, at his death-bed, the Guru rejected his sons in favour of Angad\* who was like Nanak, as much a man of this world, as of the world beyond. The whole Sikh history is hence a carefully laid and carefully executed design of Guru Nanak, in which the day-to-day conditions of the then India, received effective treat-

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\* Guru Angad was the second Sikh Guru.

ment. Looking forward, we can now say that it was Nanak who undermined the foundations of the Mughal rule, and thereby paved the way for Indian Swaraj! If only the latter-day India could follow in the footsteps of the Master, India would not have lost what it wrenched from the hands of the Mughals after such a bitter struggle.

Here it must also be mentioned that the Guru stressed rightly that the salvation of India lies not in devotion to illusory sciences such as magic or astrology, but in the cultivation of self-confidence and knowledge which are the backbone of a nation. The Guru also had his eye on the matchlocks of Babar, which Babar himself states, were the key to his success. In other words, what is wanted and was emphasised by the Master is scientific equipment side by side with self-sacrifice. It is this lesson which Nanak rubbed home in us when he condemned the Saidpur massacre, the prototype of Jallianwala bag tragedy.

From the above it should not be concluded that the Guru was particularly against this or that clique. On the other hand, he was friendly to Babar, and so were Guru Nanak's successors to the successors of Babar. But the Guru told him that if the Supreme One had given him the might to rule, he should rule with mercy; it is good to have giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a tyrant. On the other hand, he firmly told the princes and rulers of India that debauchery and luxury always

lead to degeneration even as the Pathan rule had decayed before the advent of the Mughals, hence, in public as in private life, purity of morals is the very essence of life, and this should be the watchword of Renascent India.

### 6. Guru Nanak as Poet.

If Guru Nanak is fundamentally a patriot, He is constitutionally a poet. It is as a poet that he warbles out his sweet message, even his elegies and impassioned outbursts are full of the milk of human kindness. He may well be called the Nightingale of the East. His message is sublime yet simple, seraphic yet homely, thrilling yet honeyed. A true poet is first and foremost a child of Nature, hence there is no chord of Nature's lyre which does not strike responsive echo in the heart of Nanak. His songs are truly Indian, they are dyed with the sunny purple of the Indian daydawn, his message has the mellow sweetness of Indian fruits, his poetry is surcharged with electric simmering so characteristic of the Indian cloud. We feel in his verses the very outburst of the monsoon, we feel the sonorous echoes of the mountains full of the wild music of the hill torrents, we feel the quiet of the sombre woods covering the rugged slopes of the Himakayas, we feel inclined to cry with the **Koel**, weep with the **Chatrik**, and burst into laughter like the monkey-bird lastly we also feel inclined to dance with the peacock when on the advent of the monsoon, it spreads its fan-tail and dances out delirious strains of the exuberant joy.

The following hymn describes the feelings started in the poet's mind by the pattering (\***Rhun-jhun**) of this monsoon rain :—

### WADHANS M.I.

Nanak's *Reveries in the month of Rain* (Sawan)!

The peacocks have begun their dance O †Sister ! it is the Month of Rain, It raineth **Rhun-jhun** : It raineth Joy ;

O Sister ! great indeed is the power of thine eyes, if thou couldst conquer the All-Conqueror !

O Beloved ! I would fain be a sacrifice myself to Thee, if Thou wouldst come, yea, but for one glimpse of Thine honeyed-Name ;

They say I am proud ! I am proud because Thou art mine ;

2. **Without Thee what am I?**—dust, dust ashes !

Vacant is my House, my Bed, for the Lord hath not come ;

Let me break my crimson-lacquered ivory bangles against the crimson-coloured bed ; in vain these jewelled arms, in vain this crimson-coloured bed when the Lord cometh not !

Of what avail these tinsels if the Beloved hath turned His back on me !

I wish I had never had the crimson-lacquered bangles, nor purchased them in the open market, these distressing symbols of servitude !

\* Onomaetspoeie word for pattering of rain.

† By 'Sikh' is meant a brother appreciator of Nature.

Fie those bedecked arms and bejewelled fingers which close not on the Sweetheart, oh ! burn them with fuel !

3. All of my playmates have gone to their sweet-hearts, but where shall I go ? Oh me, the unfortunate one !

And yet, O Mother, are there not some who call me beautiful, but He looks not at me ; He likes me not !

Burnt then all my beauty ; I have had my hair dressed, the tresses were parted in the middle, and plaited down on either side, the parting being filled with vermillion ;

All this decoration and finery, but He looked not at me ;

I pine and dwindle, because the Sweet One liketh me not !

4. Ah ! my misery ; my soul crieth out from its very depths,

I weep, and with me weeps the whole world !

The birds of the forest weep for me ! The rivers and rocks weep for me !

But weepeth not my own rebellious self, which is at the bottom of all my misery !

5. In a Dream once He came to me, He came and went away ;

My eyes were bedimmed with tears, but it was only a dream !

Alas ! my Beloved ! Thou art where I dare neither go nor send a message ; no message comes from Thee, no message can reach Thee !

Is this Vacant Waking, then, worth aught ? Oh ! Sleep come steal over me,

Put me to rest, perchance I may see Him again in Dream ;

6. If any one came to me with the news of my Beloved,

Ah ! if the impossible were to come to pass : Do you know what I would give him ?

I would take off mine head with my own hand, and lay it before Him as the door-mat ;

Yea, I would love to serve Him with the headless trunk—if only I could meet Him !

Why keep back this tottering body, this mind, if to keep them were to estrange the Beloved ?

This month of monsoon therefore stirs up the deepest depths in the susceptible mind of Nanak. But one touch of Nature is able to awaken in him thoughts too deep for words or utterance ! Nature is to Nanak the Lord's own Dwelling wherein He lives, sports, and sings. At every nook and corner He is and confronts us with a new smile and takes us unawares and this Bo-peep continues from aye to aye. At every turn of the season, the Supreme One accosts us with a new uniform ! The following psalm describing the round of Indian months is unmarvelled in its realistic glory. It serves well as a fillip for awakening the hidden glory of the soul. Mark the realistic faithful descriptions and the idealistic glory which is echoed and re-echoed by the responsive soul. We begin again with Sawan.

*Guru Nanak's Round of Indian Months—the Baramanh !*

1. It is the Month of Rain, be happy, O my soul, for it is Sawan, the season of dark clouds and dripping rain ;

I love my Sweetheart with all my heart and soul,  
but oh the Dear One hath gone abroad ;

The Sweet One returneth not despite my protracted  
waiting ;

I die under the ever-increasing pang of separation ;  
O lightning, thou terrifieth me with thine barbed  
darts !

I am alone on my bed, this aloofness sorely dis-  
tresseth me ;

O mother, my bed is full of pins and needles, and  
the pain is as galling as death ;

Without my Beloved, say how can I sleep ? I cherish  
no food, how can I ? The raiment weighs heavily  
on me ;

O Nanak ! this pang subsideth only when the Beloved  
One is back once more in the arms of her Sweetheart !

2. The month of of Bhadon leadeth me astray, for  
in the bloom of my youth I forgot Him ; I repented at  
last, at long last,

The lakes and meadows are full of rain-water for it  
is the rainy season, the season of joy,

It raineth even at night, and in the dark night the  
frogs croak, and the peacocks coo, but how can the  
young bride revel without the Bridegroom ?

The brain-fever bird shrieks for her mate ; serpents  
move out hissing and biting ; mosquitoes sting, lakes  
are full to the brim ; without the Beloved how may I  
obtain comfort ?

O - Nanak ! go to the Master, and following His  
advice, wend whither the Lord abideth !



3. It is now the month of Assuj, O Beloved, come back ! I pine and faint for Thee !

Is it not my-own-self which stands in between, dividing me from the Universal Self ? O Lord, reveal Thyself if Thou wilt.

The ignorance intervened, hence the separation !

The reeds and the big grasses (**Saccharum munja** and **spontaneum**) are in full bloom ; the summer heat hath dwindled and winter is just approaching ; so much time hath passed and the Beloved hath not yet come ; my mind is uneasy !

On all sides the trees are green and verdant, and the fruit trees are eloquent with the message ; the slower the mellower !

O N anak, I hope for the very best, I do hope to meet the sweet-heart, for the Master hath come, O, the mediator !

4. Katik brings to me the hopeful message that all is ordained by His Grace ; the lamp which is lighted by the Divine Flame burneth for ever ; this lamp is fed by devotion.

The more this lamp I fed, the nearer He came ; Ah ! the ineffable delight of coming Union !

Tis, not ordinary death, sin-born, which bringeth this union to pass, this New Life, which is born out of death of the ego !

At long last they have gotten the Name as also the Supreme One's Dwelling those who had abiding faith in Him ! O Lord, open thine Doors, fling them wide open

of else one second would be like unto six weary months to me ; Ah ! I am on the very tiptoe of expectation !

5. The month of Maghar is auspicious to those who are blended with Him, by assimilating His attributes ;

The faithful bride winneth the Lord by the ornaments of virtues : I love the Spouse Who is stablished in eternity. My Sweet heart ! Immovable He, all-wise He, all-seeing, all-arranger, yea, **this** is my Supreme One ! But for Him all-else is in flux !

By meditation and wisdom alone is this union vouchsafed ; It cometh to pass should He ordain. Then lo ! He is pleasing to me and I am pleasing unto Him !

I have heard the ineffable Melody of his Unstruck Music hearing which sin and sorrow dropped away,

O Nanak that bride is dear unto the Lord who loveth and serveth Him with all her heart and soul !

6. In Poh it freezeth, the forest and the grass are dry as cinder ; their moisture is no more ;

Why cometh Thou not ? My body and my mind melt and flow to my tongue to taste Thee, yea to lick Thee !

O Lord ! How great is my folly ! Thou wert in my mind, in every atom of my body, Thou pervadest the whole creation, and yet I knew Thee not—by my folly... I now know Thee, I recognise Thee by thine unending Music, by Thy Presence ! Thou art in the egg-born creation, in the placenta-tied life, in the sweat-born infra-world, as also in the crust-breaking vegetable life, yea, Thou art here, there and everywhere !

O Lord-Merciful do reveal unto me Thine Self, also

vouchsafe unto me understanding to see Thee everywhere  
O Sportive Lord ! Thou playeth the Bo-peep eternally,  
come and envelop me by Thine blissful Presence ; may  
I hold Thee ever and ever by the silken cords of mine  
love !”

These are a few specimens of the Guru's Love for  
Nature,—Nature which is to him a foot stool of God.

These psalms show how even the reeds and the  
grasses, the serpents and the mosquitoes, the snow and  
the silvery rills, the forest fires and the monsoon rains  
one and all, awaken in Him reveries far too deep for  
words or tears.

### GURU NANAK AS PROPHET.

And now I come to the crowning part of my essay i.e.  
as to what I mean by the Guru being a world-saviour and  
the prophet. I will not labour the point at any length  
for this appears to me to be self-evident. Moreover, the  
fewer words the better as the finer of the profounder the  
problem the more it eludes words and description.

Nevertheless, one thing is clear as regards any pro-  
phet and it is this. This world of ours is liable to  
death, disease and decay. All that is young and green  
passes away giving rise to wrinkles, outworn bark, and  
stinking wrench. Indeed, the world we live in is more  
a phantasmagoria than a solid reality. Is this then the  
final reality ?

The prophets tells us that this is not the case, that  
behind this changing world there is another, golden, un-  
changed, unalloyed. This hidden world is then the

Kingdom of Heaven, and it is the special privilege of a prophet to lead us into that fairy world. I will mention the following hymn of the fifth Guru as a true mirror of the change which comes over a mortal on entry into this enchanted Land :—

*"O Lord, there is joy, of joy the very spring-tide,  
For that Hidden Being, I have verily espied.  
I have tested, yea, I have tasted  
The Heavenly Juice edulcorated.  
All worldly treasures, yea the Treasures nine,  
Came into my dwelling, O Lord divine,  
Everything, everything, O Lord, I gained,  
By Thine transmuting Name, I obtained.  
Transmuted transmuted are all men ;  
O Lord, now all are my friends and brethren ;  
Difficult, how difficult the arena of the world ?  
Yet by thine grace the flag of victory, I unfurled.  
The honeyed Nectar downpoured into me like a shower,  
'Tis Guru's grace and of tranquility the harbinger,  
My tabernacle is at last mine and I'm with facons wed,  
And those Wicked Five are at long last fled !*

This experience which fell to the lot of the fifth Guru promised by Nanak to one and all of His disciples. The Kingdom of Heaven is so much talked about but the key to this Kingdom is with our Guru, and it is no harder than the **Nam**. That is the **open sesame** but through which all humanity must wander and travail. Guru Nanak is the world-saviour for He holds in the hollow of His Hand **this** prime possession. What is religion if it is devoid of this singular possessions ?—it is body without

soul, a dead carcass ! Guru Nanak prescribes this as the sovereign remedy, and knowing its potency, as I do, I have no hesitation in saying that Guru Nanak is verily the World-Saviour **par excellence**.

### CONCLUSION

Guru Nanak is sweet, simple and sublime. He accepts sinners of all kinds, because He is primarily a **Teacher** whose favourite task it is to make us stand on our own legs. He is sweet because He is saturated with the milk of humanity. He is simple and sublime because He has the profoundest of all possessions which is the primal **Nam** from which all that is springs, and to which all returns ! That is the mainstay of Religion, and there in lies the very essence of Guru Nanak's teachings and philosophy.

I have tried to show how this Saviour combined in Him the poet, the patriot, and the prophet. Yet there is one quality which remains to be stated and which I have reserved till the very last. It is His Common Personality—He is the common Saviour of the Hindus and the Mohammedans, of the East and the West. In His august Personality, I see the Saviours of the East and the West meeting and merging their personalities, for does He not have the lamb-like qualities of Jesus, the enthusiasm of Mohammad, the God-given glory of Rama and Krishna. He is the locus of all divine qualities. And inasmuch as He is their complete synthesis, hence He is simple ! The sunlight is pure white as it is grand synthesis of all various colours so also Guru Nanak is divinely simple as He is profoundly complex !

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Ladha Singh Bedi

*President*

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